

zero ZERO

BEGINNING THIS ISSUE--
DAVE COOPER'S 4-part
CRUMBLE!

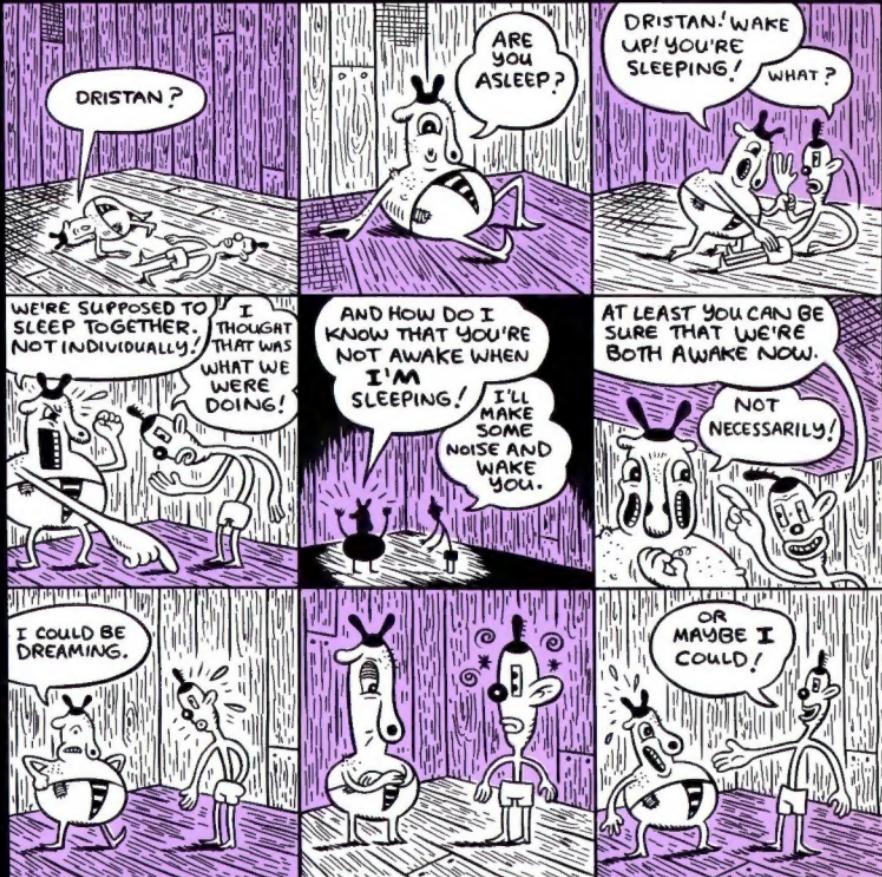
AUGUST 1996
\$3.95
\$5.50 CANADA

10
0 174470 88869 7

Fantagraphics books

dave '96

B
O
X
E
D
I
N



00000

000

000

000
© K2Z

ZERO ZERO 11

Editor: Kim Thompson
Art Director: Marc Arsenault
Cover: Dave Cooper
Back Cover: Roy Tompkins

Contributing Cartoonists (present):
Max Andersson, David Collier, Dave Cooper, Kaz, David Mazzucchelli, Richard Sala, Ted Stearn, Roy Tompkins

Contributing Cartoonists (past & future):
Mark Beyer, Stephane Blanquet, Susan Catherine, Dan Clowes, Al Columbia, Dame Darcy, Kim Deitch, Mike Diana, Michael Dougan, Bob Fingerman, Mary Fleener, Drew Friedman, Timothy Georgarakis, Justin Green, Bill Griffith, Glenn Head, Sam Henderson, David Holzman, Jeff Johnson, Mats!?, Th. Metzger, Mark Newgarden, Archer Prewitt, Frank Stack, Penny Moran Van Horn, Chris Ware, J.R. Williams, Jim Woodring, Oscar Zarate

Promotion: Eric Reynolds, Carmen Meissner

Marketing: Chris Jacobs

Advertising Liaison: Rhea Patton

Circulation: Brad Angell, Matt Counts, Kitty Ireland, Tom Malone

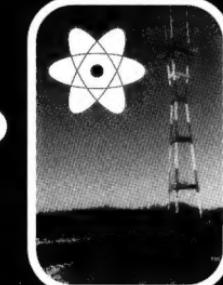
ZERO ZERO, August, 1996.

ZERO ZERO (ISSN: 1080-5923) is published bi-monthly by Fantagraphics Books, and is © 1996 Fantagraphics Books. All art and stories are © 1996 their respective writers and artists: Max "David" Andersson, David Collier, David Cooper, David Mazzucchelli, Richard "David" Sala, and Ted "David" Stearn. Covers © 1996 Dave Cooper, Kaz, and Roy Tompkins. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or the creators. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in ZERO ZERO and those of any living or dead persons is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental, with the exception of biographical and autobiographical material and for purposes of satire. Letters to ZERO ZERO become the property of the magazine and are assumed for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes.

First printing: July, 1996.

Fantagraphics Books
7563 Lake City Way NE
Seattle, Washington, 98115

PRINTED IN CANADA.



Contents



fc

Dave Cooper

ifc

"Boxed In" by Kaz

2:

"The Chuckling Whetsit"

(Chapter Ten)

by Richard Sala

9:

"It's a Long March to the

Olympics!"

by David Collier

13:

Crumple

(Chapter One)

by Dave Cooper

30:

"Stubbs"

by David Mazzucchelli

34:

"Fuzz and Pluck"

by Ted Stearn

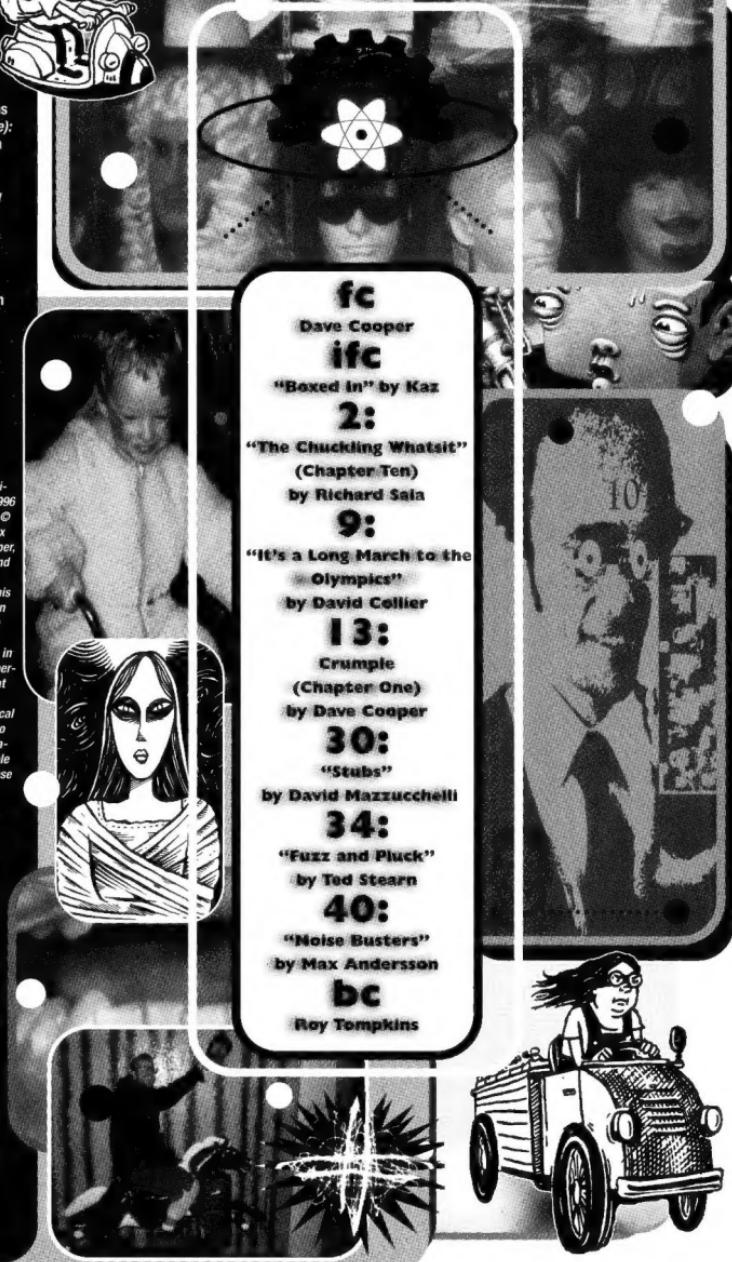
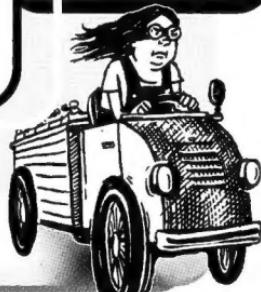
40:

"Noise Busters"

by Max Andersson

bc

Roy Tompkins





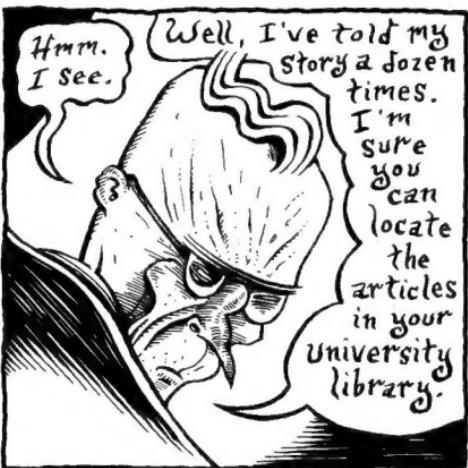
the Chuckling Whatsit

© 1996 Richard Sals

Previously ~

Broom continues digging into the life of mysterious outsider artist Emile Jarnac, unaware that Professor Peeke ~ the person who hired him ~ is now dead. From Dr. Erdling, Broom hears the secret of G.A.S.H., and Lenz tells him about Celeste. Broom travels to Crow's Creek, shadowed by several members of G.A.S.H. ~ and, while staying at the Hungry Bird Inn, Broom spies a masked girl peering in his windows.





Yes, if you ~
uh~ are you
alright, Doctor?

I'll tell you, Mr. Broom. I'll tell you about
Celeste. After all, why not? Eh, Mr.
Broom? Why not?
Ha ha ha.

uh, okay.



It seems like another life, lived by another man ~ it's hard to
believe now that it was me. After years of training and sacrifice, I
had been placed in charge of physical examinations at Swann's ~ a
psychiatric institute on the Peninsula, south of San Francisco. I
had a beautiful home, a wonderful wife.



Sometimes my wife would work as a volunteer at Swann's ~ a
brave thing to do, considering the deeply disturbed, even dangerous,
nature of the patients. I should never have allowed it, but
she was a kind soul and wanted to help ~ and, frankly, I was
so caught up in my work I wasn't giving her much attention.

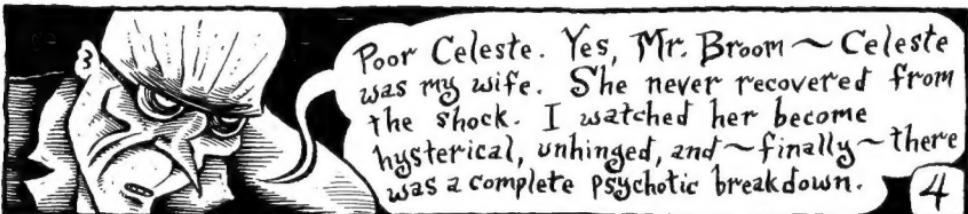


She took a special interest in one of our most complex cases ~ Emile Jarnac. He had a brooding, tormented quality that my wife found intriguing. She couldn't see him for what he was ~ wouldn't believe that he was an unstable, brutal, remorseless monster.



An obsession of his fascinated her. As a child, he'd seen a big black bird swoop from the sky and pluck a squirming fish from the water ~ gobbling it up. It gave him a strange, intense, sadistic thrill. He spoke of this often, did dozens of drawings depicting it.

It was during this time that my wife became pregnant. Sadly, the child was stillborn. Somehow the umbilical cord became wrapped around its neck.



I had no choice but to admit her to the institute. It was for her own good, you understand. Yes, Mr. Broom, she became a patient at Swann's — my own wife.



I thought I'd be able to keep an eye on her, make sure she got the care she needed. But despite my best efforts, she fell under Jarnac's spell. They became — involved.



Jarnac carried that horrible whatsit around with him — the one that chuckled. At that time it was the only one — it was the original, the first. It had a noose around its neck. Poor, delusional Celeste — she thought it was her child.



They ran away from Swann's together. The police never caught them. And I had given up hope ~ until that day I saw Jarnac here in Crow's Creek. He grew up here, you know ~ but I only found that out later. ~ And, of course, I discovered all those other dolls ~ those abominable children of his twisted psyche. ~



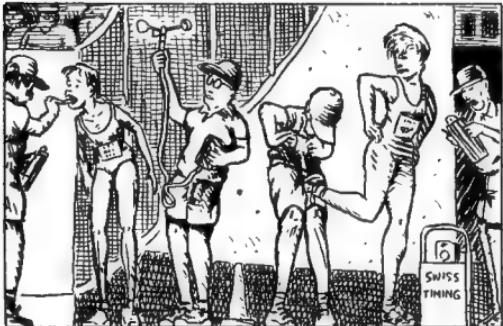


TA'S LONGMARCH TO THE OLYMPICS!

Sunday, July 28th 1996! You've thought so much about this date that it now seems odd that it should actually really occur!



The other competitors - wah! With their money; their fancy technologies -- little do they know of the answers lying within!



It's only 7 A.M. and already it's so hot! Atlanta is not a very good spot for the Olympics - far better for them to be in Beijing, which was - Ma says - supposed to host in year 2000.



Atlanta - you've worked so hard for so long to get here -- so how come everything's remote and distant now, like a t.v. picture without the sound - like the lapse between action & understanding in a dream?



Your comrade is the only one here who also knows of the suffering! You try to elicit a smile or a nod from her but to no avail - in situations like this Qu Yunxia is strictly business!



Ma says that the world will pay for this loss of face - Ma says a lot of things and you listen, for you are a poor girl from little Guizhou province who has come a long way ever since she joined Ma's Army!



Chinese track coach Ma Junren.

Oh how you wish this race would get started already! Two weeks in Atlanta and you've seen nothing - apart from one quick tour of the marathon course...



But of course, there's no need for formal sightseeing when you're a marathon woman! There's no shortage of interesting things to look at when you're running -- why, you've found tranquility in the way the light shines on the water intake structure in the reservoir back at Kunming!



Ten more minutes! Well, if nothing else comes of it, this whole experience has given you a taste of American television...



Forget your training? With coach Ma around that's highly unlikely! His brand of discipline makes maniacal U.S. college coaches such as Woody Hayes or Bobby Knight look like mere pussycats! Modern sport has never seen intensity quite like Ma's!

Pew! The conditions are atrocious for a marathon! Does the humidity ever get below 90% in Atlanta ?? And we're forever hearing of Chinese human-rights abuses...



Possessing a terrible temper, Ma has been known to curse and hit his athletes for being "lazy", "disobedient" even, on one occasion for humming a song!



Hey Kids!
Follow the
Adventures of:

IZZY

I'm the 1996 Olympic's
official mascot!



I'm easily
reproducible!

There doesn't seem
to be anything to
graphics anymore!

Is he
a giant
sperm?

Atlanta school-
children selected
me over 30 other
designs!

I'm a teenager who lives in the
fantastic world of the Olympic
flame!

I carry the
torch for
visual art!

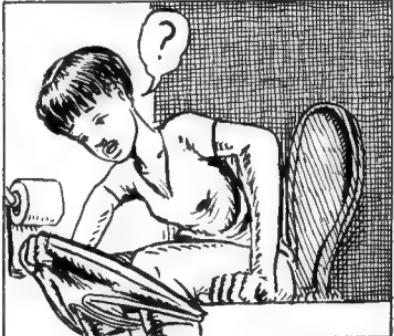
Logically, standing there in the Atlanta heat, you should be glad for having such short hair! Still, it's hard not to feel a twinge of envy as you gaze upon the other competitor's luxurious locks!



The short hair, Ma's "no boyfriends" rule... Often you find yourself wishing that you were a **normal girl**!

And all this **now**, at
a time of changes in your
body, your feelings...

Also, you can't help but **wonder** at times
if there's such a thing as **too much running**! Your
period, for example, now only comes **twice a year**!



The rigorous demands of the Chinese Woman's Running Program aren't for everyone - Ma's Army has only been on the international scene for three years, yet virtually none of the original stable of athletes remain, so high is the burnout rate! Wang Junxia, who in 1993 broke the world record in the 10,000 metres by an unbelievable 42 seconds, broke away from Ma's domineering ways early on!

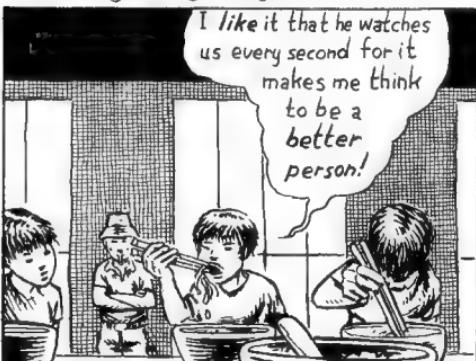


And who can blame her for leaving the tutelage of a man who values training above all else? For two months Ma kept the news of Wang Junxia's brother's death to himself to interrupt her training... Still, the fact remains that Wang is no longer the runner that she was...

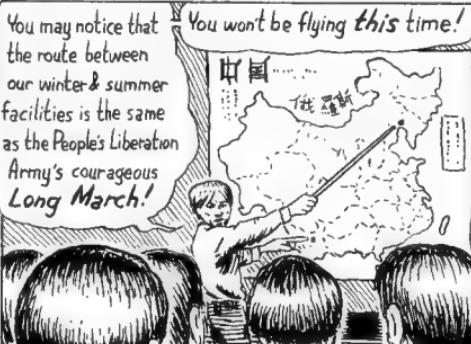
Wang even showed up recently at a track meet looking a little well, fat!



But you won't rebel like Wang Junxia. 'o, you wish to be more like Qu Yunxia, the only top runner from Ma's original Army to tough it out all this time!



Some say Ma's nuts - the official Chinese Sports Committee is constantly on his case - but his educational methods strike a chord with the general public!



Ma's 3,000 mile trek in the fall of 1995 was his boldest stunt yet! To cover the distance he made his athletes run the equivalent of one marathon every day - twice a marathon runner's normal training range!

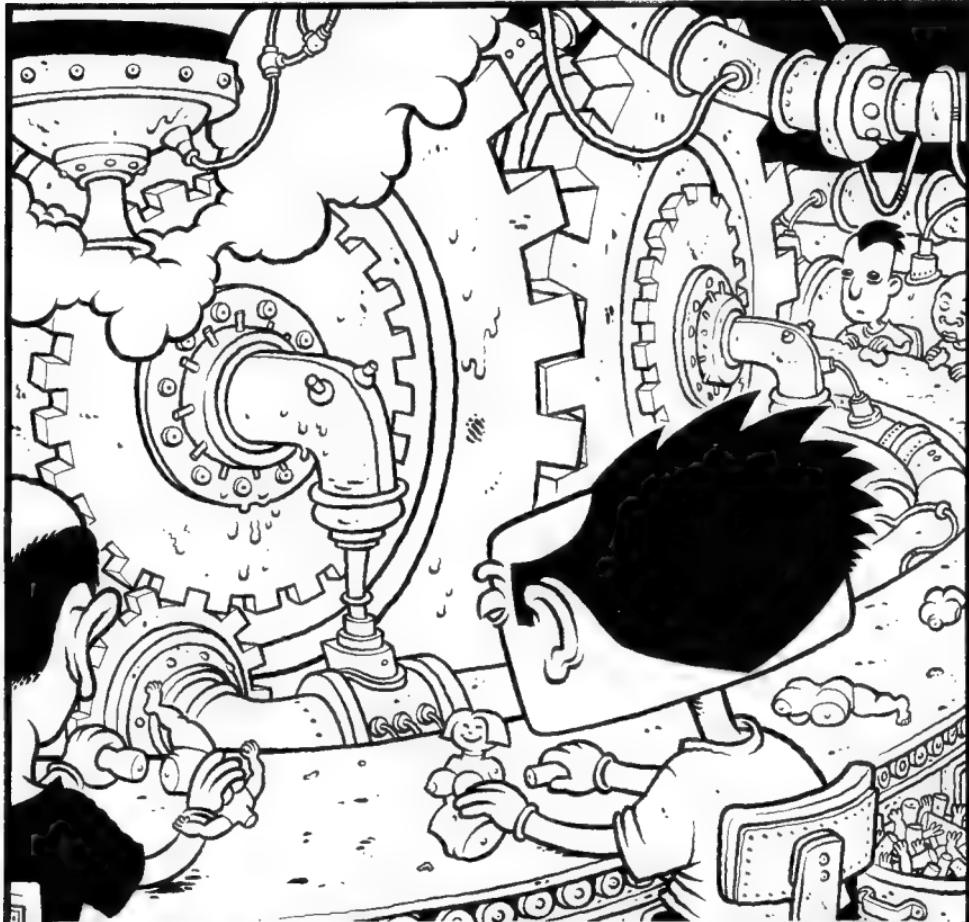


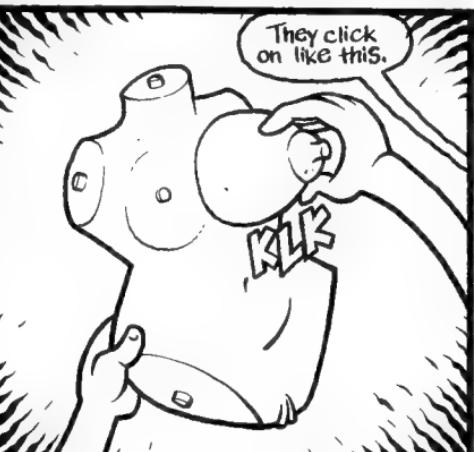
The Chinese media loved it, and they'll love it even more if you win here today and hey! whoop -- well, there you go...

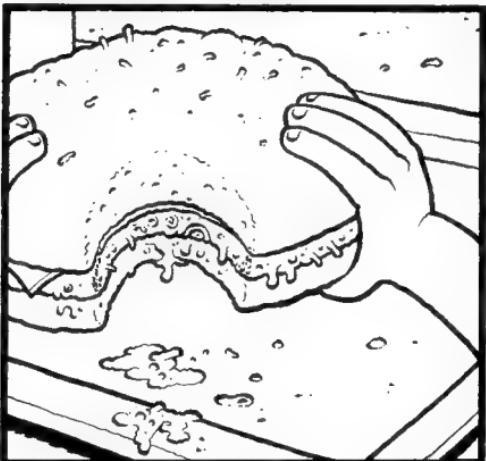
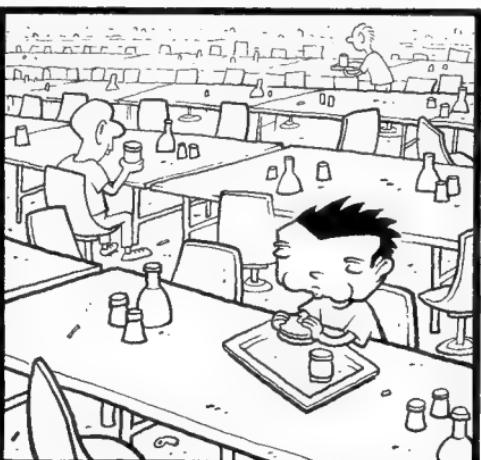


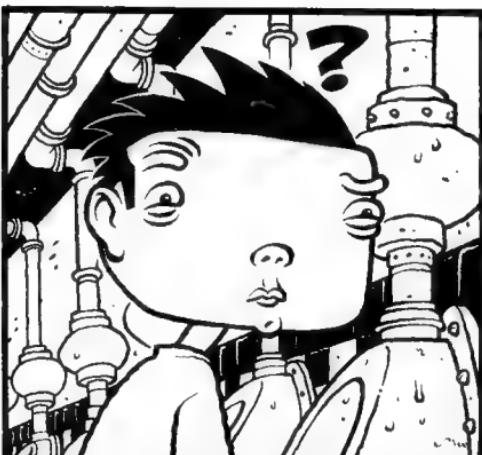
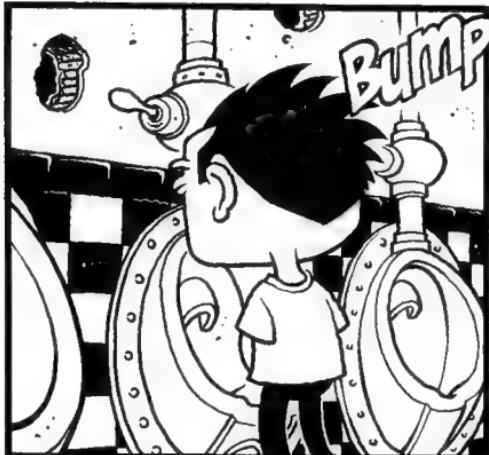
CRUMBLE chapter ONE

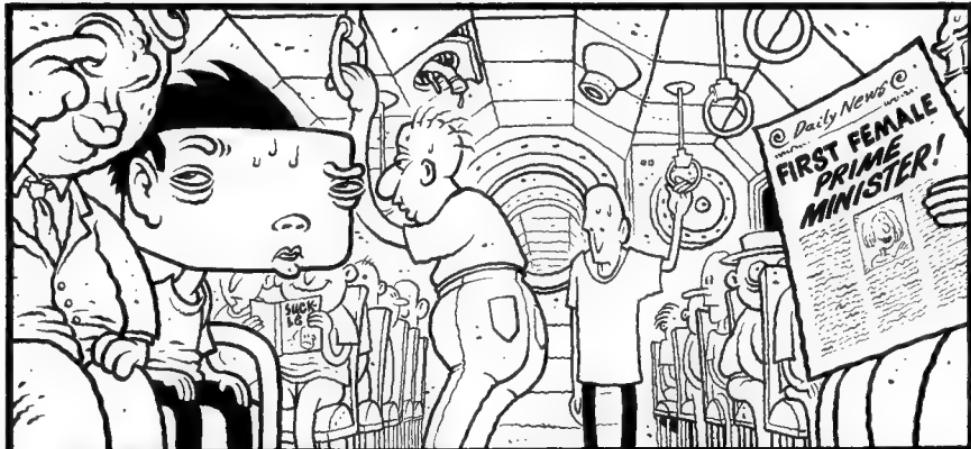
©DAVE COOPER '96

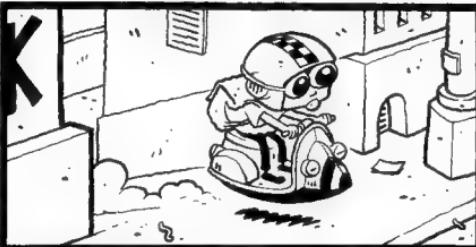
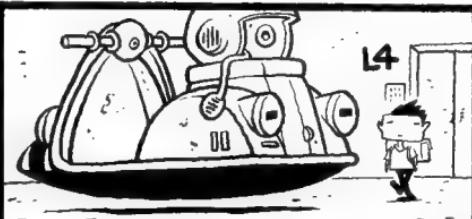


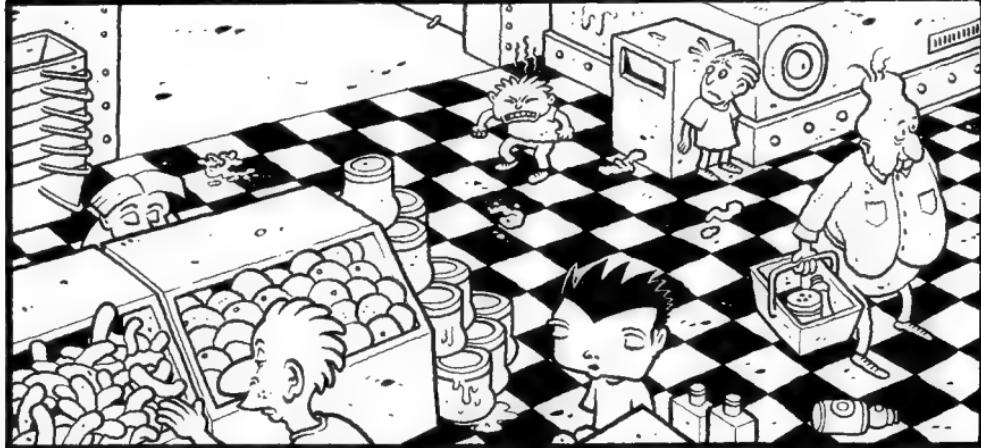


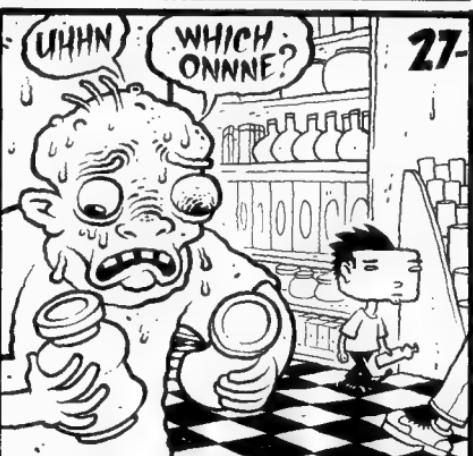








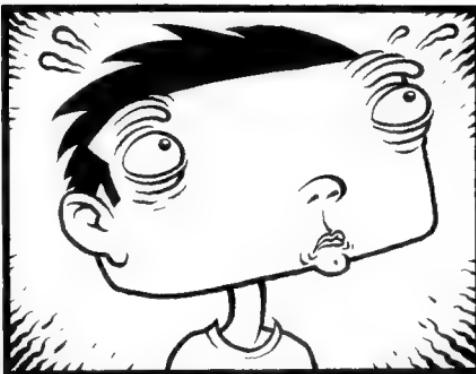


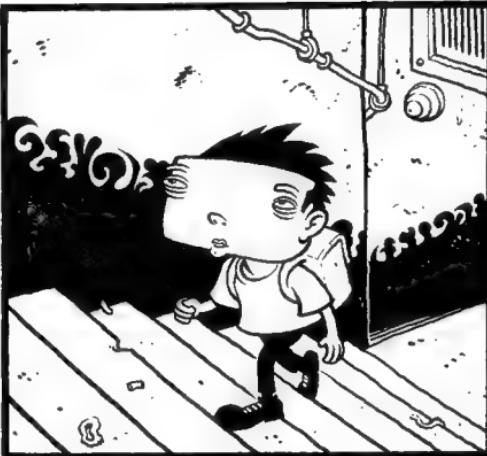
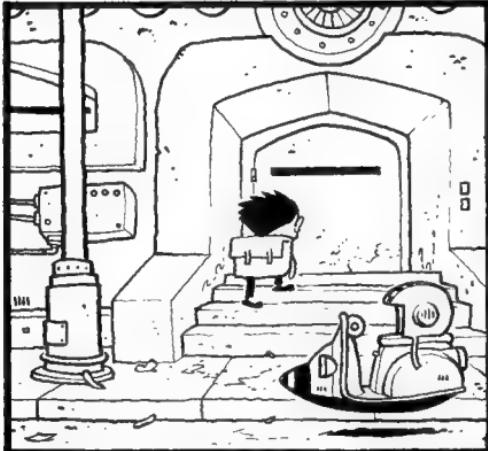


You don't mind if I scooch ahead, do you?

No, of course not.

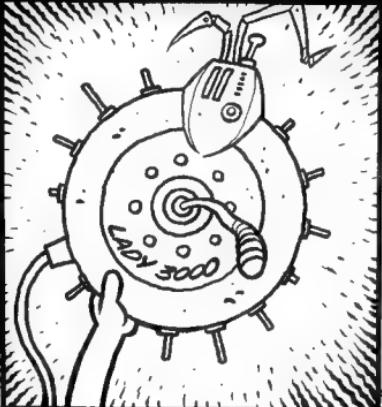
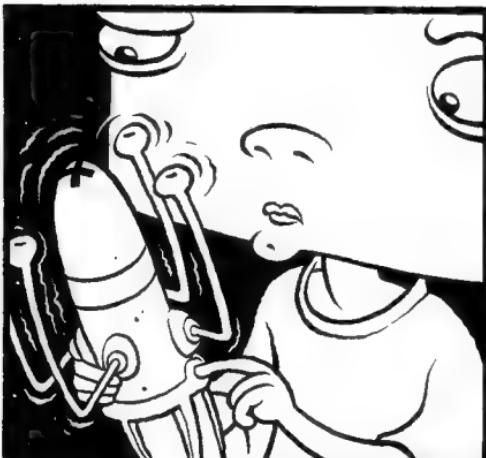
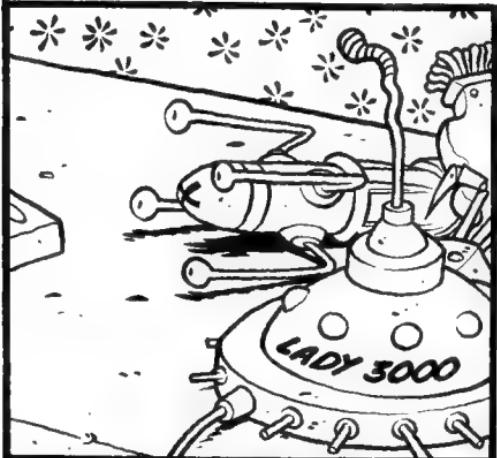




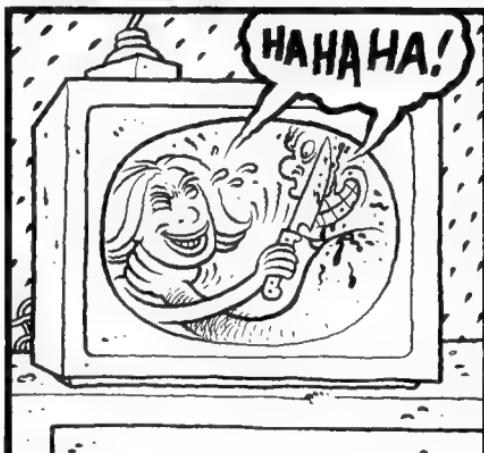


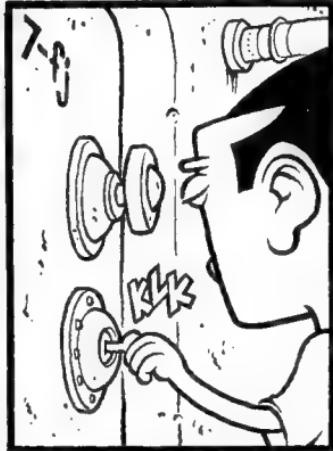
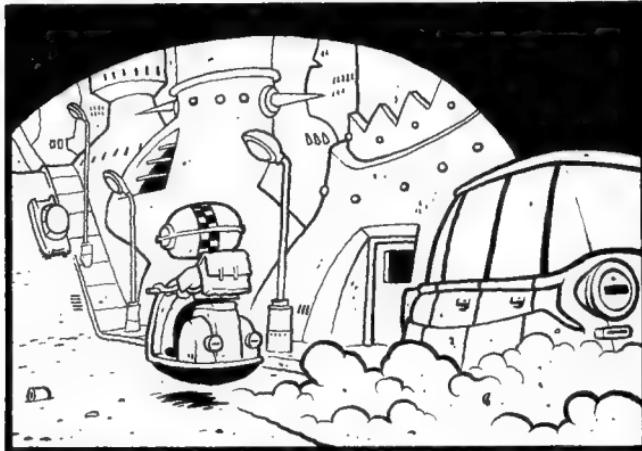












TO BE CONTINUED.

What an end to come to: listless, lifeless,
afraid to make a mark.



STUBS

by

MAZZUCHELLI

Not this
young fellow.

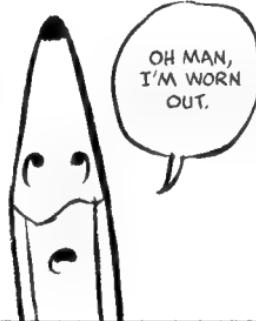
How carefree he
is, how eager...



...how fearless!



Of course, youthful exuberance **can** have its price.



And how many times
must necessity bear
the same inventions?

MAYBE IF I JUST
RUB THE SIDE AGAINST
THE GROUND...

WOW! IT'S
SHARPER AND
SHINIER THAN
EVER!

RUB
RUB
RUB
RUB
RUB

He'll learn the hard
way.

SNAP!

OH NO! WHAT HAVE
I DONE?

MY
BEAUTIFUL
POINT—
GONE!!

MAYBE I
CAN PICK AROUND
IT...

PSST, KID.

HUH?

DON'T BE
AFRAID, KID.
I SEEN
WHATCHU
WAS DOIN'.

ALLA US
HAVE TRIED
THAT ONE
TIME OR
ANOTHER.

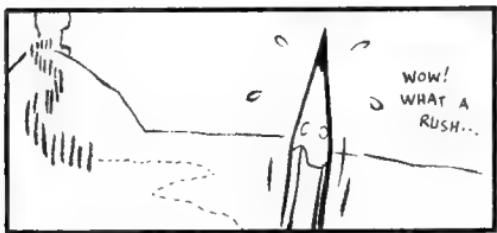
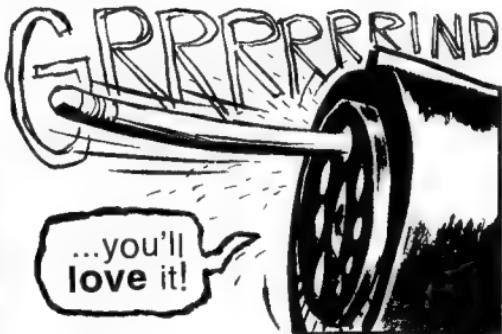


IF YOU REALLY WANTCHUR
POINT BACK, FOLLOW ME.

W-WHERE ARE
WE GOING?

DON'T WORRY, KID. I'M JUST
TAKIN' YOU TA SEE...

"...THE
SHARPENER!"



Thus restored, our young friend strikes out again,
good as new.



And whenever he starts to feel depleted...

GRRRRIND

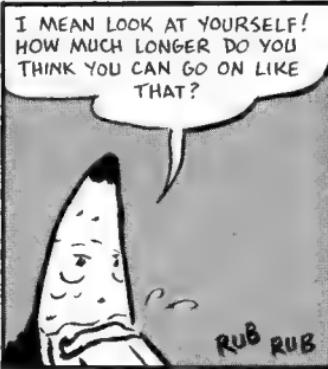
At times he notices a strange sensation, as if something has changed.



But this, too, is easily remedied.



Ah, the voice of experience.



It pains me to watch innocence become shattered.



And to see one so promising join the ranks of the sullen and fearful.



But I don't worry...

They always come back.



END

FUZZ & PLUCK

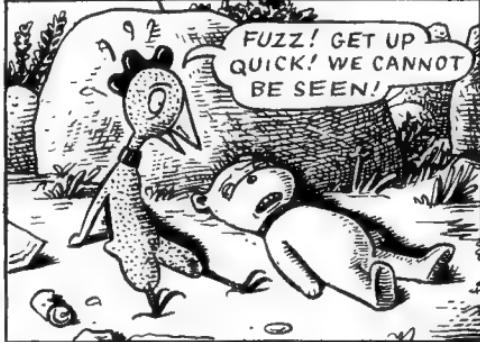
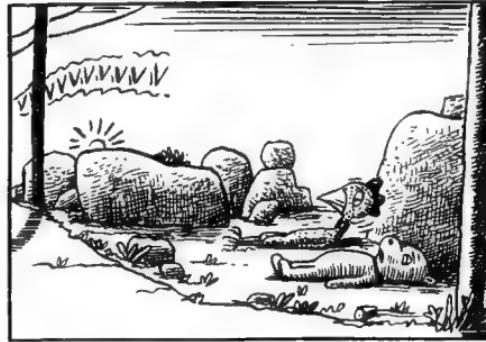
ARE ATTEMPTING A DARING ESCAPE
FROM THEIR SLAVE DUTIES AT
"OLDE SUNKENE PONDE ESTATES"

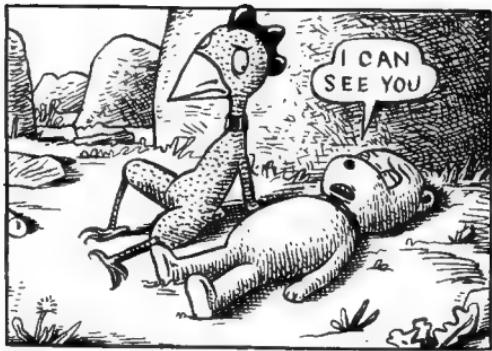
POPE
ESTATES

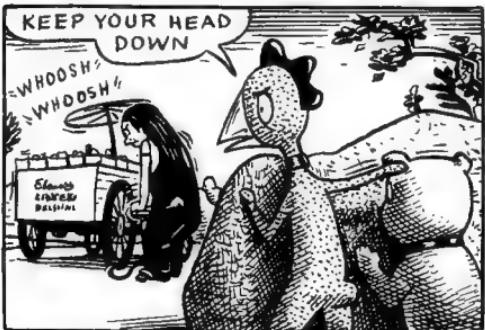
NO
TRESPASSING

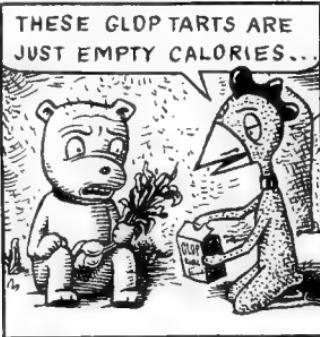
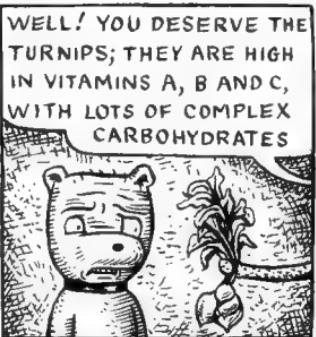
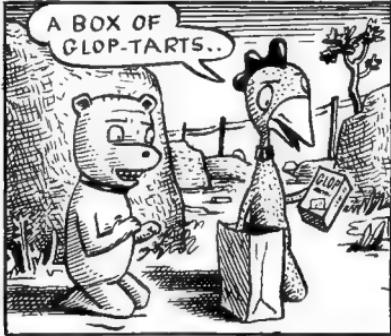
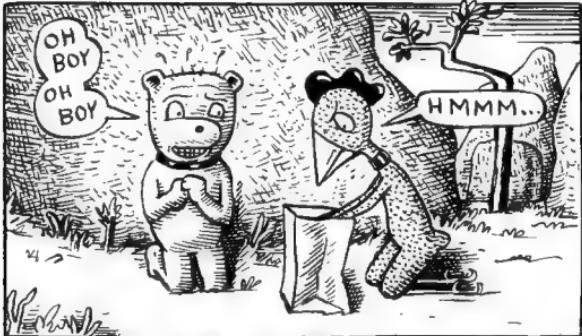
HERE I AM SAVING
YOUR HIDE AND YOU
DON'T EVEN GET TO
WITNESS IT!

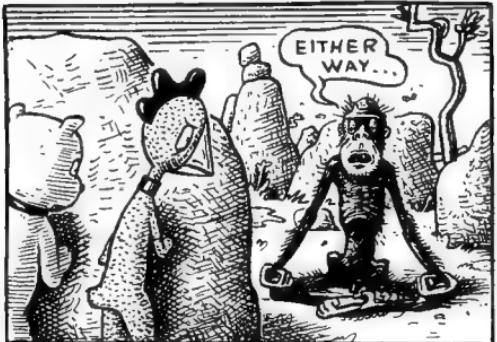
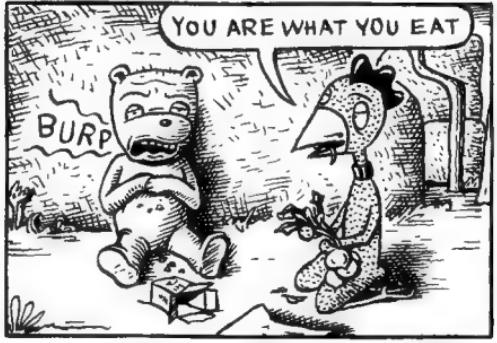
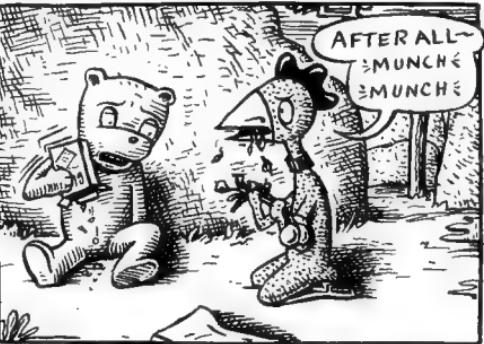
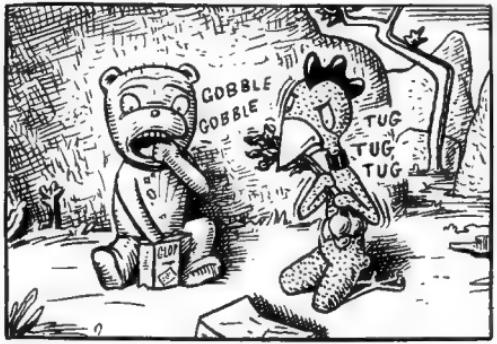




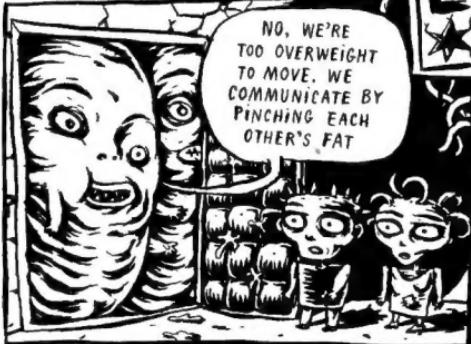




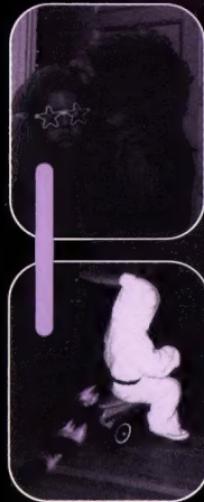




TO BE CONTINUED...



Zero Zero



Ordering info

All the items listed on this page can be ordered from:

**FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS,
7563 Lake City Way NE,
Seattle, WA 98115.**

(All back issues of ZERO ZERO are \$3.95 except for #8, which is \$5.95.) Just add \$3.00 shipping to any size order (except for a subscription, which is \$18.95, \$20.95 outside the U.S., for five issues). Mail your order to the above address — or, if you have a Visa or MasterCard, call it in at 800-657-1100.

Even if you don't have any money, write us and we'll send you a nice big full-color catalogue of all the things you can't afford to buy!

Next Issue



Zero Zero Briefs:

Be sure to check out the latest *Comics Journal* for some more David Mazzucchelli. It's easy to spot... the cover is bright yellow. But that's not all! The mag has TWO covers, the other being by the most depressed man in comic: Ivan (Schizo) Brunetti. It's a peach!

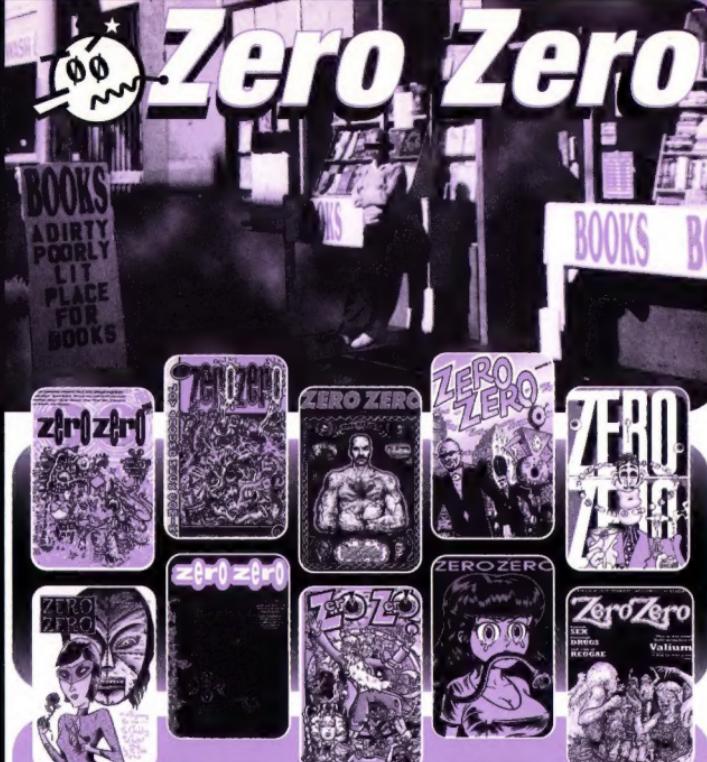
Dave Cooper! Apparently never leaves the house, judging by the volume of high-quality output that escapes his nimble fingers. Crumple is sure to rock the

heavens with its metal fist. PS: Go buy a copy of *Suckie*, Dave's most recent book from Fantagraphics. Not enough people have yet. It makes us sad.

Getting to the last of the Daves: Pat Moriarity, a local metal guru in his own right, was shocked to find himself in David Collier's *strip* fast issue. Maybe Pat has a surprise planned for David in his new collection of old stuff that passes by the name of *Popcorn Pimps*... From Fantagraphics, of course, and on sale now.

On a sadder (and non-Dave-related) note: Everyone here at ZERO ZERO sends their best to columnist and phrase-maker Herb Caen (he coined the word "beepink," duh) who, despite the recent diagnosis of respiratory cancer, still writes three excellent columns a week, as opposed to our measly incoherent self-promoting every two months. We love you, Herb! Don't go! We're doomed without you!

—M.A. & K.T.



1 ZEROZERO1

(March/April 1989)

The 60-page premiere issue starts off with a delirious GARY PANTER cover. TED STEARN premieres "Fuzz and Pluck," PAT MORIARTY and CHARLES BIKWON team up, FRANK STACK brings back Jesus for a new adventure, DAVID HOLZMAN tells of "The Man With the Big Head," HENRIETTE VALJUM dissects "Great Disease," plus MAX ANDERSSON, DAVID COLIER, GLENN HEAD, J.R. WILLIAMS, and a jam by KIM DETCH's literary "Apocalypse"!

3 ZEROZERO3

(July 1989)

Qui est-ce que c'est en zinc coquin? Why, it's an explosion of VALJUM, SKIP WILLIAMSON and RICK ALTERGOTT's frontispiece strip "Jesus" bows out, and MAX ANDERSSON's pantomime strip "Lolita" silently stalks the pages! Also in this issue, MARK NEWGARDEN, plus more COLIER, chapter two of "Whatst," and three "Fuzz and Pluck," and a DAVID SANDIN "Sign of the Apocalypse"!

5 ZEROZERO5

(Sept.-Oct. 1989)

CHRIS WARE frontispiece! CHRIS GREEN back cover! And we haven't even gotten to the inside yet! (For the record, they include several of KIM DETCH's literary "Quidley Classics," MAX ANDERSSON's "Cure of the Cuddly Critters Factory," the conclusion to "Meat Box," and more "Whatst," COLIER, and "Homunculus.")

7 ZEROZERO7

(Jan./Feb. 1990): Special Christmas story by MAX ANDERSSON, mammoth 18-page epic "Betworld" by BILL GRIFFITH, "Molly's" middle chapter by DETCH, plus a frontispiece by GILBERT HERNANDEZ, ARCHER PREWITT's "Funny Bunny," more "Whatst," and an "Apocalypse" back cover by DAVE COLIER.

8 ZEROZERO8

(March/April 1990)

Big 'ol first anniversary issue, kicked off with a CHARLES BURNS cover and finished off with a PAT MORIARTY back cover.

9 ZEROZERO9

(May/June 1990)

Skip Williamson takes a trip down druggy lane with Snappy Sammy Snoff! Virgin ZYX forays from SAM "Laugh! Yes!" HENDERSON, French terrible infirk STEPHANE BLANQUET, and SUSAN CATHERINE 'n' OSCAR ZARATE!

Plus "Whatst," COLIER, and a HENRIETTE VALJUM back cover. Psychedelic, man!

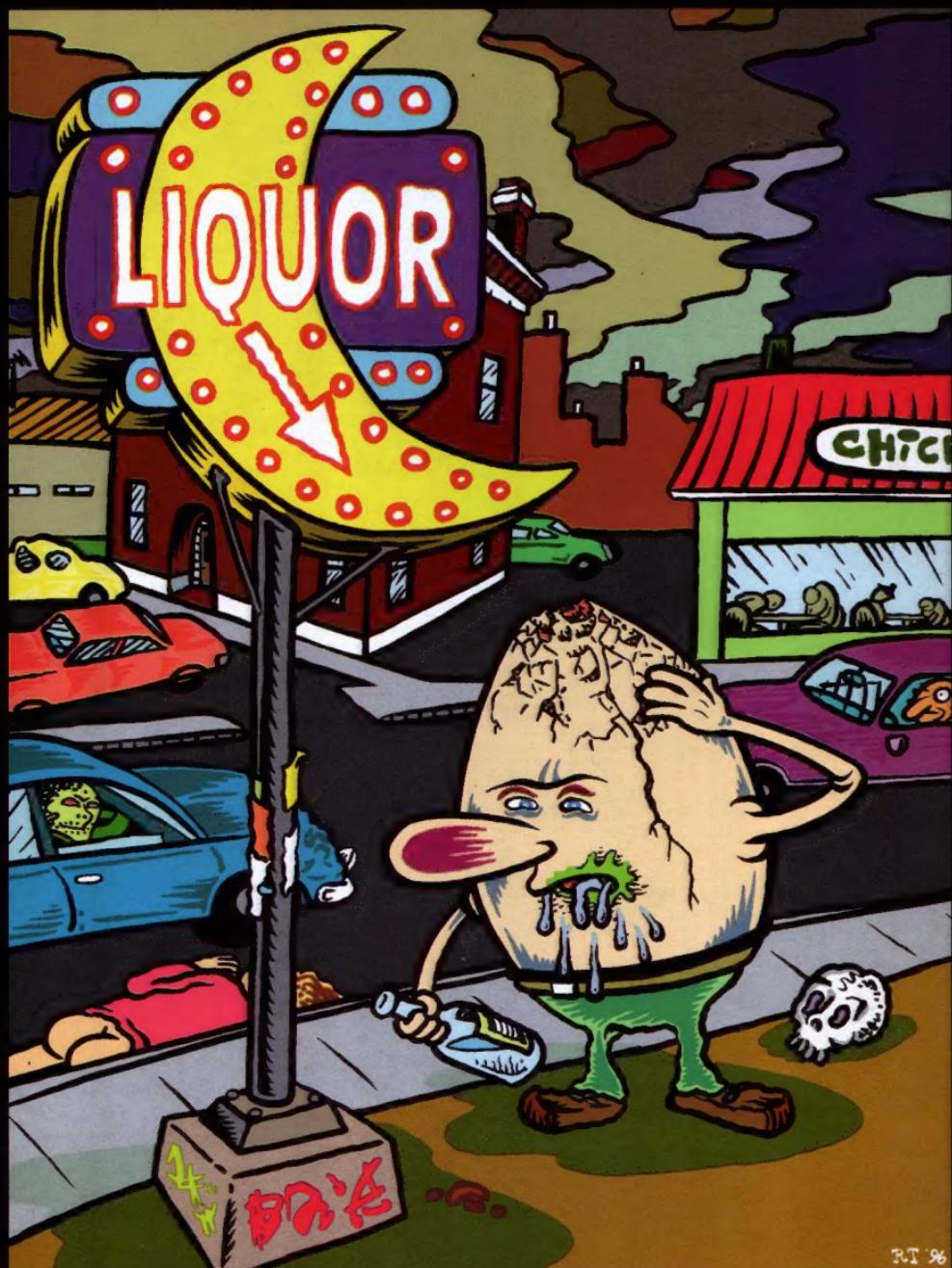
10 ZEROZERO10

(Aug./Sept. 1990)

DREW FRIEDMAN cover! Eight pages of HENRIETTE VALJUM's New "Monroe" story by SAM HENDERSON! Plus ALEKSANDAR ZOGRAF, DAVE COLIER, a SKIP WILLIAMSON back cover, a "Car-Boy" story by MAX ANDERSSON, a "Homunculus" story by MACK WHITE, and the latest chapter of "Whatst."

Eleventh Sign of the impending Apocalypse

"While hunting for his life Insurance Agent, Humpty-Dump gets lost in the swirls of a neighborhood he calls home. The asymptotic approach of the end of it all begins to poison Dump's heart into a gangrenous sack of infection, leaving him to wonder, as the speed increases around him, about the wording of his term-life policy."



A Pyramid Scan



CAC • Quality • CBZ